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From Graham's Magazine.

Poor Genevieve.

BY JAMES K. PAULDING, AUTHOR OF "THE
DUTCHMAN'S FIRESHIP," ETC.

Concluded.

"There was something exquisitely touch-
ing in her voice, her look, and the dewy lus-
tre of her eyes, as she pronounced these
words, which entered the very soul of Har-
land."

"Genevieve," said he, "sit down by me
and hear what I am going to say. Nay, I
insist upon your being seated, for you have
much to hear, and it does not become one
who owes his life to you to be seated while
you are standing."

"It does not become one like me to be
seated in presence of one like you," replied
Genevieve in a low and thrilling voice of deep
humility, as Harland with respectful violence
compelled her to place herself by his side on
the sofa.

"Genevieve," said he, "you have saved my
life: is there any wish in your heart ungratified,
anything within the power of man to do
which will contribute to your happiness, or that
of any one dear to you? If there is, I here
pledge the soul which was bestowed on me
by my Maker, and the life which you have
preserved, to do what man can to repay,
as far as possible, obligations that can never
be cancelled. Tell me, Genevieve—dear
Genevieve—for you are very dear to me—
tell me in what way I can prove to you that I
am not ungrateful. Do not leave me with a
load of obligation on my heart: that will weigh
me down to the earth with a sense of absolute
degradation. My life will be comparatively
worthless, unless you permit me to consecrate
it to your happiness."

"To my happiness?" reiterated the trem-
bling girl. "My happiness does not depend
on wealth or benefits. I can accept nothing
from you except—except your kind remem-
brance. I am already paid my wages, and
my object was simply what I said. I came
to bid farewell, and wish you health and hap-
piness."

She was rising to go, but Harland detain-
ed her.

"Genevieve, you do not, or will not com-
prehend me. I love you, sincerely, tenderly,
faithfully."

"And you prove it by thus insulting me."
"Insulting you, Genevieve! Do you take
me for such a wretch? Is such a declaration
insulting?"

"From one like you to one like me, it is
more than insulting: it is degrading to me,
dishonorable to the other. But it is time I
should go, if I wish to preserve, as a source
of future gratification, the remembrance of
having humbly administered to the wants of
one who has repaid by wishing to degrade
me."

Again she made an effort to leave, but
Harland detained her.

"In the name of Heaven what do you mean,
Genevieve!—what do you expect, that you
thus reproach me with insulting and degrad-
ing you? Do you think me such a brute and
villain as to do one of the other? Is the pro-
fessing of a sincere and ardent love from an
honest man to a virtuous woman, insult and
degradation? Is the devotion of a true heart,
that I would tear from my bosom if I thought
it capable of deceiving or betraying one who
has filled it to overflowing with love and gra-
titude, insult and degradation?"

"These alone who have seen Harland in the
halls of legislation moving down hearts
with his irresistible eloquence, can judge of
the effect of his words on Genevieve."

"Tell me—tell me, Genevieve," added he
"what you think and of what you fear."

"Are you not the great orator, statesman,
author? Is not your name on every tongue,
your words in every mouth? Do you not
stand high among the highest of your coun-
try, and may you not aspire to be still high-
er, and am not I a mental without wealth,
name, or family to render me worthy of
sharing your honors? No, sir—I understand
you too well. You would—you would—
she burst into tears, and could proceed no fur-
ther."

"I would make you my wife," cried Har-
land, with a tone and expression that could
not be mistaken. "My dear, dear wife, to
live with me and be my love forever."

"What, poor Genevieve!" almost shriek-
ed she. "Me—your nurse—your servant—
your—"

"Preserve!" interrupted Harland. "Yes,
I would ensure the happiness of my future
life, by sharing it with one who, in the hum-
ble garb and humble occupation, has proved
to me that neither grace nor dignity, virtue
nor refinement, is confined to any situation of
life, or dependent on wealth and splendor.
Will you be mine forever?"

"Are you really in earnest?" faltered she,
with tears and trembling. "What poor Gene-
vieve!"

"Poor Genevieve!—are you not rich in vir-
tue, grace and beauty; and is not such a vir-
tue and grace and beauty worth all the wide
lands and rich mines of your mistress, whom I
am yet to see and thank for her kindness? Yes
"Poor Genevieve, I am in earnest—serious
and solemn as a man can be at the moment
when the happiness of his life hangs on the
decision of a moment."

Genevieve went as she reclined on his shoulder
for a few moments, then started away be-
fore he was aware of her intention, and, turn-
ing toward him as she retreated through the
door—a face full of inexpressible tenderness ex-
claimed—

"You shall see me again, and receive my
answer."

Harland did not know exactly what to
make of all this. But he had felt the heart of
Genevieve throbbing against his side, and seen
her parting look. Neither could he be mis-
taken, and he remained in the happy anticipa-
tion that all would end as he wished. From
this, in the lapse of some hour or two, he was
roused by the entrance of Genevieve in her
homely and plain dress, who delivered a mes-
sage from Mademoiselle de F—, purporting that
she desired to see him, if he felt strong enough
to leave his room.

Harland sought to detain her a moment,
for the answer she had promised. But she
only replied with a look and accent he could
not comprehend.

"You will receive it soon from my mis-
tress."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed he in a pet; "what
care I for your mistress?"

"But you must care for her too, for she is
far more worthy of your heart than Poor Ge-
nevieve."

"If I do may my—"

"Hush! do not swear, lest you should for-
swear yourself the next minute. Remember
what I say. In less than a quarter of an hour
you will forsake poor Genevieve. You will
not acknowledge your love for her in the pres-
ence of my mistress."

"Come!" cried Harland, seizing her hand,
"lead me at once to your mistress, and put
me to the test."

Genevieve did not reply, but led him into
a capacious apartment whose windows, reach-
ing to the floor, opened on a terrace overlook-
ing a little river that skirted a green lawn, as
it coursed its way to eternal oblivion in the
bosom of the great father of waters. No one
was there to receive him, and Genevieve im-
mediately left the room, merely saying, "I
will tell my mistress you are here." He re-
mained a few minutes looking out on the
scene before him, but unconscious of his love-
liness, when he was roused by the opening of
a door, and turning round perceived a female
advancing with hesitating steps and head in-
clining towards the earth. Her face was en-
tirely hid by a thick black veil, which descend-
ed below her waist, and prevented the con-
tour of her figure from being seen.

Harland advanced to pay his compliments
and express his acknowledgments, which she
did with his usual grace and fluency. But
the lady made no reply, and for a few mo-
ments seemed greatly agitated. At length
she slowly put aside her veil, at once disclos-
ing the face of Genevieve, glowing with blush-
es of modest apprehensive delicacy, her eyes
cast down and her bosom swelling with emo-
tion. In an instant he comprehended all.

"Genevieve!" he exclaimed—"Is it possi-
ble?"

"Yes," answered the well-remembered,
persuasive, gentle voice which had so often
soothed his pains, and quieted his impatience
in the hours of sickness. "Yes, once, poor
Genevieve, your nurse—now rich and happy
Genevieve, for now she has found in the man
she would have selected in all the world, one
who loves her for herself alone. Harland,
will you forgive me? It is the last time I will
ever deceive you."

Harland was not odorous, and the forgive-
ness was accorded by folding Genevieve in his
arms, and imprinting on her lips the first,
sweetest kiss of love.

"How can I ever repay you for your gen-
tle cares and noble generosity to a stranger?"
at length he said.

"By always remembering and loving poor
Genevieve. But you are not so much a stranger
as you think. No one in this wide land is
ignorant of your name; but I—I am an old
acquaintance."

"You, Genevieve?"

"Yes, I see I must humble my vanity by
introducing myself to your notice. Do you
remember traveling North about ten years ago
and accidentally falling in company with the
family of Mr. M—, a Creole gentleman,
consisting of his wife and his niece, a young
girl scarcely eleven, and very small for that
age?—Yes, well, I was that little girl; but
you know it is the fashion among us to con-
sider tiny women like me not as angels, but
nobodies. I was not named to you, nor do I
know that you ever heard me called by any
other name but Jenny. At all events, you
took no other notice of me than sometimes
to pat my head in passing, and once—I shall
never forget it—you stooped down and gave
me a kiss, in sport. I had often heard you
spoken of in terms that called forth my admi-
ration, and that kiss was never forgotten. You
do not know how early the flower begins to
bud in our spring. We parted, you to forget,
I to remember you forever. I knew you that
moment you were brought hither; and now
you have my history. This humble person
and all that I inherit is yours, and he assured,
I will forgive your infidelity should you for-
sake your humble nurse, poor Genevieve, for
her mistress."

"Forsake poor Genevieve!" cried Har-
land. "When I do may my tongue become
mute, and my mind a desert. No! dearest
girl, I must be without memory and without
gratitude when I forget her who hovered, and
watched and sometimes wept—was it not so,
sweet Genevieve!—over the dark days and
nights of my pain and weakness, and whom I
more than once imagined I must have known
in some previous state of existence, for I could
not divest myself at times of the impression
that I had somewhere seen you before. No,
my beloved one, should you ever in our jour-
ney through life, perceive, or fancy you per-
ceive, any diminution of my love, you have
only to dress and look as you did at my be-
side, and become poor Genevieve again, to re-
trieve my heart once more and forever."

"Ah me!" exclaimed she, "I see I must
make up my mind to always having a formi-
dable rival. But I will try to reconcile myself
to the calamity, and be content to share your
heart with poor Genevieve."

Just at this moment the doctor came in,
and seeing how matters stood, at the first
glance began good-humoredly to banter his
friend.

"Well, Harland, the mystery was disclos-
ed I perceive. You first fell in love with the
mistress, and have deserted her for the mis-
tress. The exchange is very sensible, judicious,
and prudent."

"It is no exchange, doctor. She shall
always be poor Genevieve to me—the ob-
ject of my unchanging love and eternal gra-
titude."

Genevieve looked at the doctor with a smile
of proud consciousness, which he returned
with one of approving affection. The good
doctor passed from this world but a little
while ago, and when he died, the suffering
victims of poverty, disease and sorrow, lost
their most benevolent friend—his country one
of her most noble citizens. He united the
courage of a hero with the softness of a wo-
man, and joined the most devoted attachment
to his native land, with a generous and
philanthropic that comprehended all mankind.
He was the friend of the human race, but his
countrymen were his brothers.

Genevieve and Harland still survive. The
former has never had any cause to regret her
experiment on the disinterestedness of man-
kind; and the latter, while steadily pursuing
a lofty career of honorable ambition, blesses
the hour when he yielded to the dictates of
love and gratitude. If at any time he seem-
ed to forego the delight of mutual confidence,
and the enjoyments of domestic happiness,
in the high pursuit of well earned fame, his
wife had only to put on the homely gown,
and become poor Genevieve again, to awaken
in all his early love, and win him back to the
hallowed shrines of home. Yet, strange to
say, the rich heiress is not jealous of poor Ge-
nevieve. They live together in the most per-
fect harmony, and it is impossible to say which
loves the other best.

AN ACTUAL SCENE.—Present, Hon.
Mr. A. a delegate to the Loco-foco Con-
vention, and Mr. A., a "Democratic"
Elector. Time, immediately after the re-
turn of the delegate from the Con-
vention.

Mr. A. Good morning, Mr. —. Well,
I'm glad to see you again after your
journey to Baltimore. Who is our can-
didate for the Presidency?

Hon. Mr. —. Mr. Polk.

Mr. A. You don't understand me—
who have you nominated to run against
Clay?

Hon. Mr. —. Mr. Polk.

Mr. A. Really, sir, without joking, I
should like to know who is nominated.

Hon. Mr. —. I say, sir, we have nomi-
nated Mr. Polk.

Mr. A. Polk! Polk! who is Mr.
Polk?

Hon. Mr. —. Mr. Polk of Tennessee,
is our candidate.

Mr. A. Mr. Polk, of Tennessee? where
is Van Buren?

Hon. Mr. —. I hope, sir, you will be
satisfied with Mr. Polk?

Mr. A. Mr. Polk!! where's Cass?

Hon. Mr. —. Polk is an excellent
man.

Mr. A. Polk! Polk!! where's Dick
Johnson?

Hon. Mr. —. I must say, sir, I think
you a very unreasonable man, and I must
bid you good morning. Exit Hon. Mr. —.

Mr. A. leaving his "Democratic" friend
muttering to himself, "Polk! Polk! Polk!
—where's Van Buren?"—[Hartford Cour-
ant.]

CLAY AND HIS REVILERS.

The political campaign, though hardly
yet fairly open, is already advanced far
enough to disclose a fearful proficiency
within the few last years in the silence of
the Blackguardism; by which term, as the
most appropriate, we designate the car-
nations misrepresentation, slanderous
imputation, wilful falsehood, detestable
personality, sustained by ruffian precepts
and corresponding propensities, which
have been systematically reduced to prac-
tice in the party warfare of the present day.
Individual cases of such propensities and
practice have of course been heretofore
occasionally observable, and, though re-
probated by all persons of good sense and
good taste, have found some of our best
passions and vulgar minds whose congenial
souls delighted in such degradation of the
freedom of speech and the press. But it
was reserved for the present day, in this
country, to find the principles above
referred to embodied in a school of prac-
tice which includes many of the leaders
and oracles of one party, and is in danger
of infecting others by the contagion of
example. We need not say which party
we regard as being cursed with the greater
proficiency in this detestable science, which
has obtained so much vogue as to un-
blushingly display itself in public as-
semblages, even in that of the People's
Representatives, in which the proceed-
ings and debates have during the last
session of Congress exhibited scenes
more worthy of Pandemonium than of an
assembly of well-bred gentlemen, or even
of civilized savages. Whoever has paid
any attention to the debates and divisions
upon votes, in the House, can be in no
doubt as to the party to which these cen-
sures attach; the leading expositor of
those views and principles shamelessly
avowed, in his editorial "Notice to our
Democratic Friends in Congress and the
Country," published some weeks ago, in
the following words and letters, capitals
and all, his purposes, constituting the
grounds upon which he claimed their pat-
ronage:

"Our will be almost exclusively an
OFFENSIVE WARFARE.
"We intend to SLASH 'the Mill Boy
of the Slashes' as all traitors from the
Democratic School in which they have
been taught ought to be slashed."

"We will give him line upon line and
tract upon tract, here a little and there a
good deal, until every American freeman
who will read shall understand him like a
book."

"Those who want to see the slashing
from the first of May to the first of No-
vember, will please send in their orders
and cash."

What could any one expect from per-
sons who thus proclaim their wilful in-
tention, in consideration of "orders and
cash," to calumniate a great and good
man, but that they should labor in their
vocation and earn the wages they de-
mand? Can it be any matter of surprise,
after such warning, that one like after an-
other is devised, and that, in publications
thus heralded, calumny should follow
calumny, as wave, with ceaseless iter-
ation?

"Kendall's Expositor of May 7, 1844.

The following extract of a letter from
a gentleman of intelligence in Georgia,
where it was believed that the annexation
bubble would be the most popular, shows
the feeling it has produced and is likely
to produce there:

"SAVANNAH, JUNE 10, 1844.

"The Texas question has failed to
make any impression on our ranks;
indeed, it has added to our numbers by
the withdrawal from party lines of some
of the Loco-focos who are to honest and
just to approve the violation intended of
our treaty with Mexico, and the wide de-
parture by the Texas party from all the
uprightness and virtue once practiced by
the people's servants at Washington.

Mr. Clay's letter meets with many ap-
provals in the Loco-foco party. The Whigs,
as far as our knowledge extends, approve
it in all its bearings; and I believe in
this region that, out of South Carolina,
there is little of enthusiasm in favor of

the Tyler treaty, and I assure you Geor-
gia has no political sympathies with
South Carolina. Report says that even
in that State it does not extend to her
mountain regions in any thing like the
same degree of approval as on the sea-
board. It is worthy of note that in this
community the chief movers in the Texas
question are among the defeated Loco-foco
office-holders and office-seekers, backed
by some who are interested in Texas
scrip and land claims. The mass of the
people now see their object, and know
how to appreciate such impelling mo-
tives."

The letter, from which the above is an
extract, is addressed to the Corresponding
Secretaries of the Washington City Clay
Club.

ITHACA WOOL MARKET.

Our village is becoming a great Wool
Market.—Wool growers are flocking in
with loads and parcels every day, and
finding ready sale, for cash, at good prices.
Some of our merchants are pur-
chasing on their own account, and others
as agents for eastern houses and manu-
facturers. Some \$70,000 to \$100,000
—perhaps a larger sum, will be paid out
here for wool the present season. The
prices of coarse grades are full fifty per
cent above the prices of last year. Coarse
wool is especially in demand. The reason
of this is to be derived from the opera-
tion of the present tariff. Under the
former tariff, wool costing less than
8 cents per pound was duty free; and it
imposed no sufficient guards against the
fraudulent introduction of fair grades,
mixed with impurities to reduce its costs
to the free rate. But under the present
tariff all wool costing over 7 cents per
pound pays a duty of 3 cents a pound
specific, and 30 per cent ad valorem; and
all wool costing 7 cents or under, pays a
duty of five per cent, and guarded provision
is made to prevent the fraudulent in-
troduction of fair grades mixed with im-
purities, and imposing upon it the higher
rate of duty. The effect has been to re-
strict the importation, so that it has fallen
off more than two thirds, and the defi-
ciency has to be supplied by the coarse
grades of American wool. Hence the
brisk demand, and higher prices. The
finer grades of wool, though not advanced
in price from last year as much as the
coarser, are yet advanced from 25 to 35
per cent, with brisk demand, and ready
cash sale.

Now suppose you strike off this pro-
tecting duty on wool, and the equivalent
of one woolen, and admit the importation
of both duty free, as the British free trade
Polesies desire, what effects would re-
sult? Would the brisk demand and cash
payments for American Wool continue?
Would the valuable home market for other
productions of the farmer—his wheat,
pork, butter, &c.—which the prosperous
condition of manufacturing operations se-
cure, remain to him?

When American manufacturing was
prostrated by British free trade, could
clothes be purchased any cheaper? And
when the manufacturers were driven from
their work shops to the field, and employed
in raising wheat and potatoes for their
own sustenance, where would be the
market for the farmer's surplus? Not in
England, certainly, from whence the
British cloths would come free of duty.
England protects herself by heavy duties
upon such articles, and the specie, not the
farmers produce, must go out of the coun-
try to pay for British cloths.—No; the
farmer's ready and profitable market
would be destroyed. Why, the manu-
factories in the single State of Massa-
chusetts, if not a single town in that
state, now use more New-York and
Western flour in the single article of
starch, than all our exportations of the
article?

What folly, then to sacrifice the pre-
sent prosperous condition of the country,
brought about by the protective Tariff of
1842, as Mr. James K. Polk, the federal
candidate for President, would do by strik-
ing down the principle of protection;
and all his supporters will strive to do by
contributing to his election!

How much better to sustain this valu-
able protection to American Industry, and
to sustain it as it only can be sustained in
the person of its great Champion HEN-
RY CLAY.

PRESERVE THE TARIFF.—Can it be
possible that even Vermont Loco-focos
will suffer the country to be swindled out
of the Tariff by sustaining the Polk nomi-
nation. Polk was nominated for the
special purpose of annexation and to put
down the Tariff. Can any one believe
that Mr. Van Buren was thrown over-
board only on the ground that he did not
entirely and unequivocally embrace free
trade and immediate annexation. Read
the following from the Albany Daily Ad-
vertiser:

LET THE PEOPLE remember that Mr.
Polk is utterly opposed to the present Whig
Tariff.

That he is utterly opposed to any Pro-
tective Tariff.

That he opposes any higher rate of du-
ty than 20 per cent, and wishes many
other articles admitted at a less duty than
that.

That he is therefore the worst enemy to
American labor and industry—the foe of
Mechanics, Artisans, Farmers, Manu-
facturers and of the general prosperity.

LET FARMERS remember that he is in
favor of admitting Wool duty free.

That agriculture is fostered by the
Tariff which creates a home market for

produce, and that the vast wool growing
interest will perish without protection.

The Charleston Mercury, the leading
nullification paper of South Carolina, an
official organ of John C. Calhoun, speaks
as follows of James K. Polk's nomination
for the Presidency:

"MR. POLK'S VIEWS ON THE
TARIFF, THE BANK, and all the AB-
SORBING QUESTIONS OF TEXAS,
ARE SOUTHERN TO THE BACK
BONE."

The Nashville Union, the organ of
Polk, holds the following language:

"We wish it borne in mind, that the
oppressive Tariff of 1842, has been con-
demned by every true democrat, and by
none more decidedly than Mr. Van Bu-
ren."

THAT ITS PROVISIONS ARE
VIEWED WITH ABHORRANCE BY
GOV. POLK AND ALL HIS FRIENDS
WE NEED NOT REPEAT."

"He (Mr. Polk) is a strong and power-
ful opponent of a Protective Tariff."—N.
Y. Freeman.

FARMERS LOOK HERE!—"The Wool
Growers consider the duty upon foreign
Wool as important to their prosperity.
This opinion is founded in error."—James
K. Polk.

"My opinion is that Wool should be
duty free!"—James K. Polk.

MR. POLK'S PRESENT VIEWS ON THE
TARIFF.—In the debate in the House,
Mr. Payne, of Alabama, in reply to a
question of Mr. Harden, stated openly
and emphatically that Mr. Polk is op-
posed to the Whig Tariff of 1842! that he is
in favor of an ad valorem duty on imports
of 20 per cent, discriminating below that!
That he is in favor of a Tariff for Revenue,
but not one farthing for Protection!!

AND FOR ANNEXATION.—"I have no
hesitation in declaring that I am in favor
of the immediate annexation of Texas to
the Territory and Government of the United
States!"—James K. Polk, to the
citizens of Cincinnati, April 28, 1844.

FRUITS OF THE TARIFF.

Our Western and Southern exchanges
bring us such cheering paragraphs as the
following:

From the Erie (Pa.) Gazette.

THORNTON, JEWETT & Co. is the
name of an English company that have
started a Woolen Manufactory on Six
Mile Creek in this county. Their new
building is 28 by 66 feet, they try by per-
severance to succeed in all their ex-
pectations; and we believe they will do
it. They are from Leeds, Eng. and are
doubtless well acquainted with the busi-
ness they have engaged in. We are
pleased to see such evidences of substan-
tial wealth going into operation in our
country.

On this the Albany Evening Journal
forcibly comments:

"This is one of the fruits of the 'BLACK
TARIFF.' English Manufacturers come
here with their capital, which is expended
first in building manufactories and pur-
chasing machinery, and then in purchas-
ing Wool and employing laborers; and
finally in purchasing Flour, Meat, Butter,
Clothing, &c. &c. for the support of the
persons employed in the manufactories.
All this gives business and affords encour-
agement to American Farmers, Mechan-
ics and Laborers. And this is the prac-
tical effect of a Protective Tariff. The
Free Trade policy would have kept
Messrs. Thornton, Jewett & Co. without
their money in England, where, after
purchasing European Wool, employing
English mechanics and Laborers, and
supporting them from their own granar-
ies, their Cloths would have been sent to
America to be sold for SPECIE."

Those, therefore, who would prefer
keeping our Manufactories and Work
shops in England, will vote for James K.
Polk, who is in favor of Free Trade and
against protecting American Wool by
duty.

A NOBLE VALEDICTORY.

Henry A. Wise of Va. though in his
political career unstable, erratic, and al-
ways violent, has nevertheless his good
points—as he has proved by a noble valedic-
tory to his constituents, written on ac-
cepting of the office of Minister to Brazil.
There is not a party topic in this address
but there is much far better for his con-
stituents. May Virginia—aye, the whole
South and West—profit by it

"If I had an archangel's trumpet—the
blast of which could startle the living of
all the world—I would snatch it at this
moment and sound it in the ears of all the
people of the debtor states, and the states
which have a solitary poor, unwashed
and uncombed child untiaught at a free
school—Tax yourselves!!"

For what?

1st. To pay your public State Debt.

2d. To educate your children—every
child of them—at common primary free
schools at state charge.

That is my legacy of advice to you be-
fore I leave my country's shores, to re-
turn, perhaps, no more forever."

The taunt of some of the presses, that
his "constituents would always elect him,
but that an eighth of them cannot read or
write," touched him to the heart. He says
he never blushed till then. He felt there
was truth in the reproach; and all he could
do, as a proud, honest, and brave man,
was to bow in sorrow to the fact, and
swear that it should be so no longer. He
turns therefore, with his whole soul to the
labor; he presents tables showing that it
is true, that of the whole white popu-
lation one eighth can neither read nor write;
that of the whole number of white per-
sons over 20 years of age, one fourth can
not read or write; that in the whole twelve
counties of his district, with a population

of 37,230, are only one hundred and
eighteen schools with 2638 scholars—
leaving 4175 children unprovided for, that
4514 adults, exceeding the whole number
of voters, is 4276, cannot read or
write, and that the sum of \$59,730 must
be raised to make the coming generation
wiser than their fathers. He gives other
tables of the amount of property in the
district, showing the perfect ease with
which the object may be obtained, and
enforces his counsel with a just and noble
rebuke of those demagogues who de-
nounce all taxation in the hope of thus
courting the favor of the people.

MR. CLAYTON'S SPEECH.

The Hon. John M. Clayton, of Delaware,
in his speech last week at the great Whig
meeting in Wilmington, gave the following
history of the Compromise Act:

He would not predict the fate of James K.
Polk and his followers. He invoked the at-
tention of the meeting to the issue which
must be decided at the next election. If the
election goes against us, as a Republican he
was willing to submit to the majority of his
countrymen, and he would down with what-